

## WEEKLY



## VISITOR,

OR,

## LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, June 25, 1803.

[No. 38.]

**The Chimney-Sweeper.**

OR, THE SCHOOL FOR LEVITY.

A NOVEL.

## CHAP. I.

IT was early in the morning of a cold November's day that Mr. Evelyn was disturbed from a comfortable sleep and pleasant dream by a terrible outcry and noise of something falling: he started up, and beheld an object that laid immediate claim to his sensibility. A poor little chimney-sweeper, about ten years of age, had been called in to sweep the kitchen chimney. He climbed with accustomed dexterity, and perched himself at the top to breathe after his fatiguing ascent: a lame marten was hopping upon the roof. The bosom of the little soot-kin beat with compassion, and he endeavored to catch the bird, who ignorant of his kind intention, fled from him as fast as his mutilated limb would permit, and the boy was obliged to return to his business; but, unluckily descending the wrong chimney, missed his hold, and fell to the bottom, where he laid extended, bruised most shockingly, and one leg and one arm broken, Mr. Evelyn instantly raised him in his arms, and placed him in his own warm bed; then rung the bell violently, and

collected the whole family, consisting, at that time, of an old maiden sister, two female servants and a footman: the master of the boy soon followed. Mr. Evelyn sent immediately for a surgeon, and declared the child should not be moved in his present state, notwithstanding Susan shook the sheets, and fretted at the dirt; besides which, Mrs. Lucretia declaimed, most elaborately, against the smell of soot: but Mr. Evelyn was ever obstinate in the cause of humanity; the surgeon performed his operation with skill, and every prospect of success; and, to satisfy the women, said, he did not apprehend any harm could arise from washing the patient with gentleness and care. This task was assigned to Susan, who most unwillingly performed it, protesting aloud that she wondered her master could expect her to touch the dirty creature. This inexorable master, however, not only insisted upon the ablution, but also lent an assisting hand; and was much pleased with the looks of his young charge, who, though pale with pain and terror, had a countenance the most attractive, and bore his sufferings with patient meekness. His hair had been cut closely off, an incumbrance in his profession; but his eyes and eyebrows were dark, and formed for expression: his nose was well formed; his mouth and teeth beautiful.

What a pity this child should be a chimney-sweeper! said Mr. Evelyn to

himself: many a duke would be proud of such a son. Then, sitting down beside him, and taking his little chubby hand, he said, are you in much pain now, my good boy?

No, was his answer; but his voice was weak and tremulous, and he looked round as if in fear.

What are you seeking? asked Mr. Evelyn, kindly. Do you want your father or mother?

No, said the boy; but I must get up and go to my work, or my master will beat me.

Does he often beat you?

Very often, replied the child; and his eyes filled with tears.

But he shall not beat you now, said Mr. Evelyn, for you are ill and cannot work; but, where are your father and mother?

I have none.

Why, where did you come from?

From the parish; and they beat me there, too.

Then I fear you are a bad boy.

Not always; but they beat me when I am hungry, and they beat poor Crab, too; and that makes me cry worse.



And who is Crab?

Our great dog.

Are you fond of Crab?

Yes; we sleep together upon straw, in the loft; and I always give him half my bread and treacle.

Mr. Evelyn, fearing to fatigue him by too much conversation, bade him go to sleep, and left him; but his benevolence was roused, and he resolved to speak with the master concerning his treatment of the boy: he related word for word what had passed. The man scratched his head, and said—

To be *sarten*, he did lick the boy now and then; for the young dog, when he got a halfpenny, instead of buying gingerbread, which would help to fill his belly, would run to get little books, and then sit poking in corners till he could read them.

And is it your dog he is so fond of? asked Mr. Evelyn.

Why, sir, as a body may say, it is nobody's dog: to be sure I keeps it, and they both together are very expensive to me; but you must know that the dog saved his life once: when a great house was on fire, Crab brought him out in his mouth; and, as there was nobody to tell who the child belonged to, he was taken to the parish, and the dog followed, and, being a good-looking beast, they let it stay; but, when they bound him over to me, he cried so violently for Crab, that they begged me to take the dog too, which I, being of a pitiful turn, agreed to; and the dumb creature has been so quiet and good-natured ever since, that I could not bear to turn him out, poor toad: besides, rather than lose his dog, the boy makes one meal serve them both.

Tears sprang to the eyes of Mr. Evelyn. All-powerful sympathy, he exclaimed, how wonderfully art thou implanted in the human heart! Oh! why do ever the calls of worldly interest deaden thy force! But, were there no persons saved from the flames to tell who the child was? said Mr. Evelyn.

Please you I never axed; but the parish folks at St. Ann's can tell you.

To them Mr. Evelyn resolved to ap-

ply, and walked thither as soon as he was dressed; and, having repeated his enquiries, learned that, in the month of May 1780, a genteel young woman had taken lodgings for herself, child, and maid servant, in Gerrard Street, Soho; that she went by the name of Edwards, and said she was in expectation of her husband's return from the army; that she seemed very modest and well behaved, and always paid genteelly; that within a fortnight a letter arrived which threw her into deep distress: she gave out that her husband was dead, and she put herself into very deep mourning; yet the people of the house could not but entertain suspicions. Her grief was excessive, and continued so till the night the fire broke out, when she was brought out of the house, insensible, by a fireman: her servant was not to be found, and it was imagined she perished in the flames; neither was any of her property or wearables saved. It was the parish schoolmistress who gave Mr. Evelyn this information; to which she added, that the unfortunate woman was removed to a mad-house, where she still remained, totally devoid of reason; but no one had made any application concerning her, though she had been advertised three times by the parish-officers.

This intelligence distressed Mr. Evelyn exceedingly. After a separation of eight years, it was not likely that the poor maniac could know her child again; yet he believed it an experiment worth the trial, and returned home, determined to put his plan in execution as soon as he found his charge capable of attending him. The boy seemed much recovered, and well pleased with his new lodging, from which he expressed much apprehension of being removed. Mr. Evelyn promised he should stay some time longer, and asked his name.

They call me Franco, said he, at home; and I write my name Francis Edwards.

Then you can write?

Yes; I got a prize at school for writing.

Mrs. Lucretia just then entered: her countenance was not, at best, of the most complacent cast, and she seemed greatly displeased.—Well, brother, I think you might spare some attention from

this boy to bestow upon your own family.

My dear sister, said Mr. Evelyn, mildly, I did not imagine any extraordinary attention on my part necessary, while possessed of such an excellent superintendent.

Yes, truly, she replied, tartly; there requires some one to manage, or all might go to destruction through benevolence, and charity, and stuff. When my father, sir Owen, was alive, he always said you were an alien to the family blood; and if you had not married a woman of fortune, and in some degree maintained your proper dignity, I fancy he would have cut you off from all inheritance. But, now, there's Miss Georgiana; if it was not for my care, she might run about like a young kid among the mountains:—you pay no regard to her dress, her deportment, or any thing.

You are wrong, dear sister; I pay attention to her temper and morals, and find her all I wish.

Ay, thanks to my management! retorted Mrs. Lucretia: and now, I suppose, you mean to adopt this beggarly brat, and bring him up in idleness and impudence.

I do not design any such thing, madam.

Mr. Evelyn began to be warm—I have never been blessed with a son yet; I do not mean to choose a substitute of uncertain origin: my intention is merely to serve the boy by assisting his education, to improve his morals, and if I find in him any symptoms of genius or virtue, to foster them into maturity, to raise him from the refuse of society, and transplant him into a sphere of life, where, by industry and honor, he may become a worthy and respectable member of society; and sorry am I that my fortune, though ample, obliges me to limit my patronage to one alone, while so many claimants are to be met with, perhaps, equally deserving.

(To be continued.)



ILLUSTRATION OF  
THE PROGRESS OF DRESS,  
IN ENGLAND,*From the earliest times.**[From Strutt's View of the dress and habits  
of the people of England.]*

(Concluded from page 292)

TRUNK BREECHES OR SLOPS—AND THE  
VARDINGALE.

THE next remarkable innovation (at the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth) was the trunk breeches, or slops, which were gradually swelled to an enormous size: these breeches, we are told, were stuffed out with rags, wool, tow, or hair, and sometimes, indeed, with articles of a more cumbrous nature, if the story related by Holingshed be founded upon fact; wherein a man is said to have exhibited the whole of his bed and table furniture, taken from those extensive receptacles. The ladies also, on their parts, extended their garments from the hips with foxes tails and *bum-rolls*, as they were called; but, finding that, by such moderation, they could keep no pace with the vast protuberance of the trunk slops, they introduced the great and stately vardingales, or fardingales, which superseded all former inventions, and gave them the power of appearing as large as they pleased.

The vardingale afforded the ladies a great opportunity of displaying their jewels, and the other ornamental parts of their dress, to the utmost advantage, and, for that reason, I presume, obtained the superiority over the close habits and the more simple imitations of nature; and what, indeed, was the court dress very lately, but the vardingale differently modified, being compressed before and behind, and proportionably extended at the sides. Bulwer gives us the following anecdote relative to this unnatural habit: when sir Peter Wych was ambassador to the grand Signor from king James I, his lady was with him at Constantinople; and the sultaness, having heard much of her, desired to see her: whereupon, lady Wych, accompanied with her waiting women, all of them neatly dressed in their great vardingales, which was the court-dress of the English ladies of that time, waited upon her highness. The sultaness received her with great

respect; but, wondering much at the extension of her hips, inquired if that shape was peculiar to the women of England: to which the lady replied, that the English women did not differ in shape from those of other countries; and, by explaining to her the nature, of the dress, convinced the sultaness, that she and her companions were not really so deformed as they appeared to be.

ANECDOTE OF SIR PHILIP CALTHROP  
AND JOHN DRAKES.*(From the same)*

The propensity of persons of low estate to imitate the fashions of those above them, has been adverted to several times in the course of this chapter; and now, by way of conclusion, I shall add a short story from Camden, in which this propensity is very properly ridiculed. "I will tell you," says the venerable antiquary, "how sir Philip Calthrop purged John Drakes, the shoemaker of Norwich, in the time of Henry VIII, of the proud humor which our people have to be of the gentleman's cut.—This knight bought on a time as much fine French tawny cloth as should make him a gown, and sent it to his taylor's to be made. John Drakes, a shoemaker of that town, coming to the said taylor's, and seeing the knight's gown-cloth lying there, and liking it well, caused the taylor to buy for him as much of the same cloth, at the like price, to the same intent; and, further, he bade him make it in the same fashion that the knight would have his made of. Not long after, the knight coming to the taylor to take measure of his gown, he perceived the like gown-cloth lying there, and asked the taylor whose it was. "It belongs," quoth the taylor, "to John Drakes, who will have it made in the self same fashion that yours is made of."—"Well," said the knight, "in good time be it: I will have mine as full of cuts as thy shears can make it."—"It shall be done," said the taylor. Whereupon, because the time drew near, he made haste to finish both their garments. John Drakes had no time to go to the taylor's till Christmas-day, for serving of his customers, when he had hoped to have worn his gown; perceiving the same to be full of cuts, he began to swear at the taylor for ma-

king his gown after that sort. "I have done nothing," quoth the taylor, "but what you bade me; for, as sir Philip Calthrop's gown is, even so have I made yours."—"By my latchet," quoth John Drakes, "I will never wear a gentleman's fashion again."

## FLAVIA.

"By Flavia warn'd, of flatt'ring swains  
"Take heed, ye easy fair:—  
"Of vengeance due to broken vows  
"Ye perjurd swains beware."

FLAVIA was the daughter of a tradesman who lived in the city of Norwich, (Eng.) She was his eldest child, and by her duteous awe and tender solicitude for her parent stood high in his affection. Her person was rather beautiful than otherwise; her manners graceful and pleasing; her disposition cheerful and gay; till

"Luckless love, and pining care,  
"Impair'd her rosy hue!"

In the same neighborhood dwelt Lothario, the youngest son of a person in the same sphere of life as Flavia's father.—He was suffered by his parents to indulge in all the indolence and foppery of fashion; and, with a propensity to dress and dissipation, he soon became a beau garçon; or, in plain English, a coxcomb.

Flavia, with all her virtues, unhappily possessed a too-yielding credulity. The gay appearance of Lothario, which often presented itself before her eyes, inflamed her heart, and she regarded him above his fellows. Lothario had marked her out for an object of seduction: her beauty and innocence but inflamed his lust; and he considered her a conquest that would add fresh laurels to his fame. He had discernment enough to see the foible of the unhappy maid, and he took his measures accordingly. Flavia was delighted with the attention he paid her: she heard with pleasure his vows and protestations; and placing too much confidence in his insidious professions, she fell! The fruit of their guilty commerce was soon visible. Flavia, alarmed, requested her lover in the most pathetic manner to confirm his vows; and he, melted by her distress, felt, for the first time, an alarm, of conscience, which



sometimes arises in the breast of the most abandoned libertine. But an unlucky accident happened, that baffled the unfortunate creature's warmest wishes: her father, in a fit of intoxication, had a short time before quarrelled with the parents of his daughter's seducer, which had sown the seeds of discord between the elders of the two families.

One evening, while he was giving his child some proofs of his affection, he by accident discovered her situation. In a paroxysm of his rage he vented his imprecations, and spurned her from him; but when his passion had subsided, the tenderness of the father prevailed, and he raised her from his feet, with tears of pity and forgiveness. Love for his Flavia induced him to sue for a reconciliation with Lothario's parents, and to offer an advantageous marriage portion; but to his entreaties they were inexorable; and, to prevent an union, under pretence of sending Lothario to the West-Indies, he was dispatched to London, where new scenes, and new pleasures, soon erased from his mind the idea of the unfortunate Flavia.

By this time the story had spread abroad, and she was exposed a prey to the taunts of Severity, and the cruelty of Slander! All these Flavia felt most sensibly; but, encouraged by the frequent letters of Lothario (who had address enough to persuade her of his constancy) she supported herself against the malice of the world, and yet hoped that she might be happy with her perfidious seducer. From him time and amusement gradually wore off the remembrance of his deceived Flavia: his letters grew less frequent; and, after the expiration of some months, he returned to Norwich, in a perfect state of nonchalance for the victim of his falsehood.

When Flavia heard of his arrival, her heart fluttered, and she hourly expected his presence; but when she found that he treated her with contempt, and refused seeing her, every delusive hope vanished, and she fell into the bitterest agonies.

Is this, said she, a return for my love?—and shall he for whom I bear all this load of reproach and calumny treat me with disdain? Now, indeed, am I wretched, and my cup of sorrow is filled!

Under this agony of mind the time of her delivery drew near. In that hour of trouble she met the tenderness of a reconciling parent, and the assistance of *une sage-femme*, eminent for her skill and humanity. A son was brought forth in trouble; and while she wept over it with a mother's fondness, a sigh now and then escaped for its perjured father.

For some days she did well; but her perturbation of mind, and the load of sorrow she had sustained, overcame her weak frame, and her last hour approached, which a worthy apothecary, who attended her, declared was occasioned by the most incurable of diseases—a broken heart!

The night before her death she assembled her relations around her, and addressed them in a solemn and pathetic speech, that went most forcibly to their hearts. By assistance she was raised in her bed.—

"I feel," said she, "that my time is short: the hand of death hangs heavy. To one who has felt affliction like me, death can be no unwelcome harbinger: I embrace him as the minister of relief; and could the little wretch who owes his being to a guilty father accompany me, happy would be the end of Flavia."

She then directed that her child should be brought to her. She received the infant, and wept over it in a manner that melted the hearts of the bystanders.

"I quit thee, my child," added she—"I leave thee to a world of ingratitude and deceit! But, oh! mayest thou escape the misfortunes of thy mother, and boast a heart more noble than thy father. Mayest thou never send the unsuspecting virgin to the grave!—nor the curse of guilt and perjury light upon thy head! To you" and she called her sister's husband, "I commit this precious charge, for its wretched mother's sake. Horatius, foster and protect it; and may the blessing of heaven descend on it, and you, when I am insensible and forgotten!"

Horatius received the child; and, albeit unused to the melting mood, his soul poured forth at his eyes, while in interrupted accents he pledged his protection.

"My father," said the dying Flavia to the old man, who stood weeping at her bedside—"accept, my loved, my ever honored parent, my latest gratitude for all your love and generosity! Weep not for your Flavia—for her who has tainted your remaining years with bitterness! she is going to a better world, where there are no perjured lovers.—Live, my father, for the sake of your other children; and rejoice that your Flavia ceases from her misery. God will pardon my frailties, and claim me as his own. May he comfort and prosper you all; and bless—oh! may he bless—my child!"

At these words expired the lovely Flavia. Here let me draw a veil over the sorrow of her friends, and the concern of all who knew her and her sad history, while I execrate that libertinism which snatched an amiable young creature from her friends, and sent her untimely to the grave!

Thus fell poor Flavia in the bloom of youth and beauty!—May her sad example inculcate in the minds of young females,—that much caution is necessary; for there are those who earnestly labor, with mean and unmanly art, to rob them of all that is valuable—their honor! And in our modern youths, that however ensnared by fashion or example, they may consider it a glorious achievement to render an unsuspecting female miserable, and ruin the peace of private families; yet, that it is the highest species of guilt and cowardice, and that the just hand of Retribution will some time punish the wretch, who, under the insidious mask of love, perpetrates the most atrocious deeds of meanness and villainy.

#### APHORISMS.

The soul and body are like two enemies, who cannot quit each other; two friends, who cannot bear each other; they are fastened by the strongest tie, and yet are often in direct opposition.

Silence is a thing, which ceases to be, the moment one would describe what it is.

The fox knows a good deal, but a woman in love knows more.



## HUMOROUS STORY.

A Certain governor of Egypt having occasion for a sum of money, fell upon the following most extraordinary method to raise it.

He issued out an order, commanding the chief of all the Jews\* settled in Egypt to appear before him on a certain day; on their being conducted into his presence, they found him surrounded with his Divan or Council, and the Pentateuch in his hand—he then asked them if they believed all that was written in that book, to which they replied that they did, saying that it contained the precepts of their religion, on which he turned to and read the 11th and 12th chapters of Exodus, in which is recorded the account of the Jews, just before their departure out of Egypt, borrowing of the Egyptians their jewels of gold, silver, &c.

When he had finished, he told them that since they had confessed their forefathers had about 3000 years ago borrowed of the forefathers of the Egyptians their jewels, &c. he had sent for them to know if those things had ever been returned, or satisfaction made for them: if not, he added, that it was now high time payment should be made, and that he, being the political father of that people, was in duty bound to see that they had justice done them.

The poor astonished Jews stood silent and knew not what to say, though they immediately saw through the drift of the avaricious Governor. He, after waiting some time for an answer, dismissed them, but ordered them again before him in a few weeks, telling them that he gave them that time to deliberate and to search their records, and see whether or not they had ever returned or made satisfaction to the Egyptians for the jewels they had borrowed.

When the Jews had retired, they, after consulting among themselves how to ward off the blow, came to the resolution of raising a large sum of money,

\* Great numbers of Jews have been settled in Egypt for upwards of 200 years, and Dr. Pococke informs us that when he was in that country in 1737, they had no less than 37 synagogues in Grand Cairo only.

with which, on the day appointed they waited on the governor, and told him, that since the time their forefathers had borrowed those things of the Egyptians, their nation had undergone various revolutions, their temple had been burnt, and their records destroyed, so that it was impossible for them now to tell whether or not the Egyptians had ever received satisfaction for their jewels, and presenting him with the money, added, that they hoped he would not make them, who were but a few, accountable for what the whole nation did so many thousand years ago.

This being all the governor wanted, he took their money, for which he gave them (in the name of the Egyptians) a receipt in part payment for the borrowed jewels, and so left the same door open for any of his successors, who may think proper to take the same steps to squeeze that poor unfortunate people.

## ANECDOTES.

WHEN Garrick and Rigby were once walking together in Norfolk, they observed upon a board at a house by the road side, the following strange inscription: *A goose kooored hear.* "Heavenly powers," said Rigby, "how is it possible that such people as these can cure agues?"—"I do not know," replied Garrick, "what their prescription is,—but I am certain it is not by a spell.

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man that had stolen a watch, directed the jury to bring it in value ten pence. "Ten pence! my lord," says the prosecutor,—“why the very fashion of it cost me fifty shillings.”—"Perhaps so," replied his lordship, "but we are not to hang a man for fashion sake."

A colonel of a regiment of cavalry, was lately complaining, that from the ignorance and inattention of his officers, he was obliged to do the whole duty of the regiment. "I am (said he) my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own cornet,"—"And your own trumpeter, I presume," said a lady present.

## CURIOUS EPITAPH.



Here cool the ashes of  
MULCIBER GRIM,

Late of this town, blacksmith.—

He was born in Seacole-lane,  
And bred at Hammersmith;  
From his youth upwards, he was very  
much addicted to vices,  
And was often guilty of forgery;  
Having some talents for irony,  
He thereby produced many heats in his  
neighborhood,  
Which he usually increased by blowing  
up the coals;  
This rendered him so unpopular,  
That  
When he found it necessary to adopt  
cooling measures  
His conduct was generally accompanied  
with a hiss.

Tho' he sometimes prov'd a warm friend,  
Yet where his interest was concerned,  
He made it a constant rule to strike  
while the iron was hot,  
Regardless of the injury he might do  
thereby;  
And when he had any matter of moment  
upon the anvil,  
He seldom fail'd to turn it to his own  
advantage.

Among numberless instances that might  
be given of the cruelty of his  
disposition,  
It need only be mentioned that he was the  
means of hanging many of the inno-  
cent family of the Bells,  
Under the idle pretence of keeping them  
from jangling;  
And put great numbers of the hearts of  
steel into the hottest flames,  
Merely (as he declared) to soften the  
obduracy of their tempers.

At length, after passing a long life in the  
commission of these black actions,  
His fire being exhausted, and his  
bellows worn out,  
He filed off to that place where only the  
fervid ordeal of his own forge  
can be exceeded;  
Declaring with his last puff,  
That "Man is born to trouble as the  
sparks fly upwards!"



## The Visitor.

SATURDAY, June 25th 1803.

### LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the death of 21 persons during the week ending on 18th inst. viz. of—apoplectic fit 1—fall from a window 1—lunacy 2—consumption 3—killed by boxing 1—weakness 1—accident 2—Fits 4—hives 2—sprue 2—Teething 1—Old age 1—Of whom 11 were adults, and 10 children.

The right of depositing American merchandise at the port of New-Orleans has been restored by order of the king of Spain.

[It is with pleasure we republish the following, (from the Ev. Post) it containing the opinions of the most respectable Physicians of our city on a subject interesting to human happiness, and against which ignorance and prejudice have made some small opposition.]

"We the undersigners, having had ample opportunities of confirming the evidence in favor of the Cow-pock by our own experience, think it incumbent on us, in this public manner, to certify, that the Cow-pock is in all cases an effectual and infallible preventative of the Small-pox; that the Cow-pock, instead of producing the violent, distressing, loathsome, dangerous and fatal effects sometimes consequent upon the Small-pox, is never a fatal disease; is never contagious; is always, when properly managed, mild, safe, and inoffensive; may be inoculated with equal advantage at all seasons; produces no confinement or loss of time; is never rendered unsafe in early infancy, teething, pregnancy, old age, &c. imposes no change of diet, seldom requires remedies, and is entirely exempt from the deformity, blindness, deafness, scrophulous affections, cutaneous diseases, tumors, abscesses, &c. which are often found to be consequences of the natural, and sometimes even of the inoculated Small-pox.

Under this conviction we do not hesitate earnestly to recommend to our fellow-citizens the universal adoption of the Cow-pock, and solemnly to entreat parents, as they value the lives and constitutions of their children, no longer to expose them to the hazards and inconveniencies of the Small-pox. And it is hoped that the enlightened and benevolent citizens of New-York will omit no proper occasion of urging their indigent neighbors to accept the benefit of gratuitous inoculation for the Cow-pock, which is now performed every day (Sundays excepted) at the Charitable Institution established for that purpose, near the Presbyterian Brick Church, in front of the Park.

John Charlton,	Sam. Borrowe,
William Hammerly,	Richard L. Walker,
John R. B. Rodgers,	Sam. L. Mitchell,
John Onderdonk,	David Hosack,
Richard S. Kissam,	John Gamage,
William Moore,	Peter Anderson,
Daniel Proudfit,	Wright Post,
James Tillary,	Geo. Anthon,
James S. Stringham,	Edward Miller.

Extract of a letter, from Knoxville, dated May 30.

"A melancholy event took place on Monday last, at the farm of Messrs J. and W. Park, about 3 miles below this place: J. Duncan, J. Childers and others, having forcibly entered the said farmhouse and dispossessed Mr. Brown's servants, a state warrant was procured to apprehend the said Duncan and Childers, and put into the hands of the deputy sheriff. Apprehensive of resistance he summoned several citizens to attend him—On arriving at the farm, it was found that Stephen Duncan had joined the party—The sheriff advanced to the window and read his warrant to J. Duncan and Childers, at the same time telling S. Duncan he had nothing to do with him. They refused to surrender, with horrid imprecations threatened the sheriff with death: while this was going on, Mr. Ravenhill went to the door, tapping at it, "Boys open the door;" immediately S. Duncan fired; the whole load (shot and slugs) entered the bowels of Mr. Ravenhill; the other persons in the house also fired, and wounded Mr. Park, in the shoulder and face, the jaw-bone being much shattered: The sheriff's party returned the fire but without effect. Mr. Ravenhill survived till the evening,

when he expired in great agony. Mr. Park, though badly wounded, we have every reason to hope is in a fair way of recovery. Two of the persons in the house, J. Duncan and J. Childers, soon after the fall of Mr. Ravenhill, surrendered themselves and were secured. S. Duncan for some time held out; but the people from the neighborhood assembling fast, he saw no way to escape, and also surrendered. They are now all three confined in jail; and as the session of the superior court does not commence till September next, it is hoped and believed, that the governor will call a court of Oyer and Terminer for their trial."

On Saturday last, at a regimental muster held at Smith's mills, near the Canal in Norfolk county, a quarrel arose between two men named Hudson and Cherry, when a battle ensued, and the parties were separated. Hudson having occasion to go further up the country, proceeded thither, and on his return he called at the tavern where the quarrel first arose. Here he was met by the brother of the man he had the dispute with, who stabbed him three times in the bottom of the abdomen, while on his horse. Cherry has been apprehended and committed to the county jail at Portsmouth. Hudson is reported to have died of the wounds he received.

[Norfolk Herald.]

### USEFUL INFORMATION.

It is well known that sea-water cannot be employed for washing clothes. It refuses to dissolve soap, and possesses the properties of hard water in perfection. This is a great hardship to seamen, whose allowance of fresh water is necessarily limited; and it prevents them from enjoying many of those comforts of cleanliness which contribute not a little to health. The method of removing this defect is exceedingly simple, and by no means expensive. It has lately been pointed out by Dr. Mitchell, of New-York, and ought to be made as public as possible, for the sake of our sailors. Drop into sea-water a solution of soda, or pot-ash, and it becomes milky, in consequence of the decomposition of the earthy salts, and the precipitation of the earths. This addition renders it soft, and capable of washing. Its milkiness does no injury, and need not therefore be minded.



BOOTEES GROWN TO BOOTS.

A GOOD thing is a good thing, if there is not too much or too little of it—Of what use is a little boot in summer?—For winter, indeed, a bootee may answer well enough! The mud or the snow of winter is very convenient drapery for a clean silk stocking!—But for summer, nothing short of a boot—a full grown boot—as big as the old German boot—with a little dapper duck-bill peak, just six inches long—and no more! A good thing, indeed; but a little too much of it! A little too much below, and hardly enough above!—Pantaloons drawn snug up to the arm-pits, with a waistcoat nearly three inches long!—Long! long! No, no, more than two inches wide!—full as wide as a ribband! a good thing, but hardly enough of it!!!

In an imperial city in Germany, a criminal was lately condemned to be decapitated, who had a singular itching to play at nine-pins. While his sentence was pronouncing, he had the temerity to offer a request to be permitted to play once more at his favorite game at the place of execution, and then he would submit without a murmur. As the last prayer of a dying man, his request was granted. When arrived at the solemn spot, he found every thing prepared, the pins being set up and the bowl being ready. He played with no little earnestness—but the sheriff at seeing he showed no inclination to desist, privately ordered the executioner to strike the fatal blow as he stooped for the bowl. The executioner did so; and the head falling, fell into the culprit's hand, as he raised his head to see what had occurred, he immediately aimed at the nine, conceiving it was the bowl which he grasped. All nine falling, the head loudly exclaimed—By — I've won the game.

THEATRICAL REGISTER  
FOR 1803.

FRIDAY, June 17.

CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO, *Shakespeare*, and LA FILLE HUSSAR.

MONDAY, June 20.

THE STRANGER, altered from the German by *W. Dunlap*, and the AGREEABLE SURPRISE, *O'Keefe*.—For the benefit of *Mrs. Seymour* and *Mr. Delamater*.

WEDNESDAY, June 22.

THE CASTLE SPECTRE, *M. G. Lewis*, and the musical burletta of TOM THUMB THE GREAT, for the benefit of *Messrs. Shapter and Robinson*.



MAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,  
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Marriages.

On Thursday last week, *Mr. Samuel G. Ogden*, merchant, of this city, to *Miss Eliza Lewis*, daughter of *Francis Lewis*, esq. of this city.

On Sunday evening, *Mr. Abraham P. Mendes*, jun, merchant, of the island of Jamaica, to *Miss Leah P. Mendes*, late of Newfort, (R. I.)

On Monday evening last, *Mr. John Bogaert*, of this city, to *Miss Jane Earle*, of Hackensack, (N. J.)

On Tuesday last, *John Martin Baker*, sen. of Gibraltar, to *Miss Jane Peters*, of this city.

At Woodstock, in this State, *Mr. Ebenezer Griffin*, to *Miss Katy Eltinge*.

At Rochester, *Mr. Cornelius Court-right*, to *Miss Jemima Morris*.



Deaths.

On Thursday last Week, *Mr. John C. Villeroy*, singing master and leading chorister in *St. Peter's Church*.

At Coxing Clove, in this State, *Mr. Aart Van Wageningen*, aged 83.

At Charleston, in the 47th year of her age, *Mrs. Susanna Bulcine Bee*, the wife of *Judge Bee*.

WHAITES & CHARTERS,  
PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite *St. Peter's Church*. Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

FANCY CHAIRS,

Made as usual in the neatest style of elegance, by *FRANCIS TILLOU*, No. 22, Stone-street.

THEATRE.

For the benefit of *Mr. Hallam, jun.*

*Mr. Hallam, jun.* respectfully acquaints his friends and the public in general, that his benefit will be THIS EVENING, June the 23th. It is with regret that he finds himself obliged to solicit patronage on an evening not usually devoted to theatrical amusements, but the chance of ill fortune having fixed him for Friday, the 24th, which is *St. John's day*, and not only devoted to masonic festivity, but several other evening-entertainments being advertised in honor of the festival, he is compelled to relinquish all hopes of success unless the liberal temper of the ladies and gentlemen of New-York will sanction his endeavors on SATURDAY,—when will be presented, a Comedy, called, *The*

Clandestine Marriage.

End of the Play,  
Feats on the Tight Rope,  
By *Sig. Manfredi*.

To which will be added,  
The Wags of Windsor.

For the Benefit of *Mr. Martin*.

As it is not usual for a performer to put up his name twice in the same season for a Benefit, *Mr. Martin* thinks it proper to state to his friends and the public, the necessity which obliged him to attempt a second, in the hopes of obtaining a relief he could seek in no other manner. Induced by motives of humanity towards a man who, as well as himself, has charge of a family, he became bail for *Mr. Gilbert Fox*, late of this Theatre, in several suits, thereby enabling him to leave this State for the purpose of making such arrangements as would satisfy his creditors. *Mr. Fox* has not returned—*Mr. Martin* is reduced to the alternative to pay *Mr. Fox's* creditors, or be dragged from a numerous family to a jail.

On Monday evening will be presented,

Such Things are,  
OR, THE PRISONER'S FRIEND.

Feats on the Tight Rope, by *S. Manfredi*.

After which, a piece, in 1 act, called,

The Elopement,  
OR THE OLD MAID OUTWITTED

Song of the Bonny bold Soldier, by *Mrs. Seymour*.  
The whole to conclude with a grand Pantomime, called,

Medea and Jason.

For the Benefit of *Mrs. and Miss Hogg*.

On Wednesday evening, June 20th,  
will be presented,

A comedy, in 5 acts, called,  
False Shame,

Or, the American Orphan in Germany.

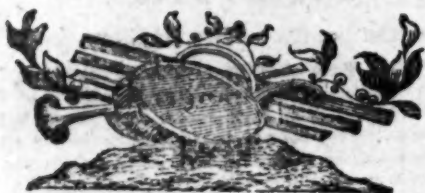
Truly astonishing feats of activity on the  
TIGHT ROPE.

To which will be added,

No Song no Supper.



## THE VISITOR.



## FOR THE VISITOR.

## MORNING.

**H**AIL gentle streams, and mossy cells,  
And bow'rs that gaily spread the green,  
Beneath whose shade, contentment dwells;  
And laughing joy is constant seen.

To your inviting cool retreats,  
Through verdant lawns I speed my way,  
To taste fresh Nature's fragrant sweets,  
To catch the tints of orient day.

From hills remote the morning breaks,  
And faintly lights the dusky sky,  
The starry train the heaven forsakes,  
And all night's misty shadows fly.

Now glancing o'er the verdant mead,  
The sparkling sun-beams brightly glow,  
With vivid tints enrich the glade,  
And blaze upon the mountain-brow.

The vernal breezes gently blow,  
The rill glides murm'ring through the vale;  
And flowrets steep'd in morning dew,  
Diffuse their odors on the gale.

The goldfinch hails the rising day,  
The linnet tunes his plaintive song;  
A thousand warblers join the lay,  
And still the cheerful strain prolong.

Ah! happy scenes! oft may I rove,  
To taste your various sweets again;  
To hear the carols of the grove,  
To view the beauties of the plain.

Let others toil for sordid wealth,  
Let Pow'r adorn the brow of Pride;  
Here let me dwell, where smiling Health,  
Where Peace and sweet Content reside.

For Peace will ne'er to wealth resort,  
Pale Fear attends the step of Pow'r;  
And all the splendors of a court,  
Are but the pageants of an hour.

SIMON PURE.

## WINTER SONG.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

**D**EAR boy, throw that icicle down,  
And sweep this deep snow from the door:  
Old Winter comes on with a frown—  
A terrible frown for the poor.  
In a season so rude and forlorn,  
How can age, how can infancy, bear,  
The silent neglect and the scorn  
Of those who have plenty to spare?

Fresh broach'd is my cask of old ale,  
Well-tim'd now the frost is set in;  
Here's Job come to tell us a tale—  
We'll make him at home to a pin.  
While my wife and I bask o'er the fire,  
The roll of the seasons will prove,  
That time may diminish desire,  
But cannot extinguish true love.

O, the pleasures of neighborly chat,  
If you can but keep scandal away,  
To learn what the world has been at,  
And what the great orators say!  
Though the wind through the crevices sing,  
And hail down the chimney rebound,  
I'm happier than many a king,  
While the bellows blows bass to the sound.

Abundance was never my lot;  
But out of the trifle that's giv'n,  
That no curse may alight on my cot,  
I'll distribute the bounty of Heav'n:  
The fool and the slave gather wealth,  
But if I add nought to my store,  
Yet while I keep Conscience in health,  
I've a mine that will never grow poor.

## GOOD COUNSEL TO A YOUNG MAID.

[From Specimens of the early English Poets.]

**W**HEN you the sun-burnt pilgrim see,  
Fainting with thirst, haste to the springs;  
Mark how, at first, with bended knee,  
He courts the chrysal nymphs and flings,  
His body to the earth, where he,  
Prostrate, adores the flowing deity.

But when his sweaty face is drench'd  
In her cool waves; when from her sweet  
Bosom, his burning thirst is quench'd,  
Then mark how, with disdainful feet,  
He kicks her banks, and from the place  
That thus refresh'd him moves, with sullen  
pace.

So shalt thou be despis'd, fair maid,  
When by the sated lover tasted:  
What first he did with tears invade,  
Shall afterwards with scorn be wasted:  
When all thy virgin springs grow dry,  
When no streams shall be left, but in thine eye.

## N. SMITH,



Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburn; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Supperine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

## NEW MUSIC.

**J.** HEWITT, (Musical Repository, No. 59, Maiden Lane) has received by the Oneida Chief, and other vessels from London, a large assortment of PIANO FORTES, of various descriptions, with additional Keys.—Also, the following NEW SONGS:

The peerless Maid of Buttermore—Evelina's Lullaby—Poor Mary—The Village Coquette—One's happy in a peaceful House—Ye Powers that rule without control—The sweet little Girl of the Lakes—The Rose, the sweet blooming Rose—Tarry awhile with me my Love—The mutual Sigh—The Sailor's welcome home—Mutual Bliss—the loud and clear-ton'd Nightingale—the Kiss—the Cake Man—a pretty Week's Work—The fair Huntress—the Blackbird—the humble thatch'd Cottage in the Village of Love—Adown, adown, in the Valley—Little sinning's in Love—Poor Ellen—the Pilot that moor'd us in peace—At Morning's Dawn the Hunters rise—An envious Sigh shall ne'er escape—the poor little Child of a Tar—With a great variety of Music for different instruments.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY MING & YOUNG, No. 90, WILLIAM-STREET, WHERE EVERY KIND OF PRINTING IS EXECUTED.—SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THIS PAPER ARE RECEIVED AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.